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SYNOPSIS.

Richard Lightnut, an American with an affected English accent, receives a present from a friend in China. The present proves to be a pair of pajamas. A letter bints of surprises to the wearer.

CHAPTER II-(Continued). And he did, and seemed to hit the

thing squarely.

I knelt on the chair and craned over, while Jenkins still held the stick tightly at the point where the thing had struck.

"Get him?" I queried. "Where is

"That's it, sir," said Jenkins in an

odd voice. "It ain't here."
"Why, dash it, I saw you strike the beast, right where you're holding that

"Mr. Lightnut, sir"-Jenkins spoke a little buskfly and glanced around at me queerly-"will you look under the end of this stick and see if you see

I climbed down and examined cautiously.

Why, by Jove, it's the little spider!" I exclaimed, surprised.
"Exactly, sir; what's left." Jenkins

took a deep breath.

"Thank you, wir -it's a great relief," he sighed.

"I mean, sir, I'm glad I ain't the only one who thought he saw that It's some comfort."

Jenkins spoke gloomily."
"Thought you saw?" I repeated. But Jenkins only shook his head as he r thered up the remains of the spider and consigned them to a cus

pidor. "You mean—say, what the devil do

you mean?" I asked sharply. Jenkins straightened with air re

spectful but solemn.

"Mr. Lightnut, sir," he began gravely, "there's a party lectures on the street corner every night at nine on the fearful consequences of the drink habit, and passes around blank pledges to be signed. I'm going to get one first chance; and if you will accept it, sir-meaning no offensewould be proud to get you one, too."

I stared at him aghast.
"Ob, I say, now," I murmured faint-"you don't think it was that, do

Jenkins' face was eloquent enough. "I'm through, sir," he said sadiy. When it comes to seeing things like that-" He lifted his eyes. "No more for me, sir; my belief is, it's a warning—yes, sir, that's what, a warn-

I collapsed into a chair.

"By Jove, Jenkins!" I said, trying to go a feeble smile. "I never felt so fit for a corking stiff highball in my I took a screw on my glass and

studied him curiously.

"And I say, you know-better take one yourself!" I added.

CHAPTER III.

I Don the Pajamas.

I twisted before the glass and sur-

veyed the pajamas with much satisfaction. They looked jolly right from every point. Moreover, with all their easy looseness, there was not an inch too much. They had a comfortable,

"Lucky thing they weren't made originally for some whale like Jack Billings-eh. Jenkins?" I commented

muningly.

Behind his hand Jenkins indulged in what is vulgarly known as a snicker. 'Mr. Billings, sir, he couldn't get one shoulder in 'em, much less a h'h—leg," he chuckled. "They'd "They'd be

in ribbons, sir!" I yawned sleeplly, and Jenkins instantly sobered to attention. He held his finger over the light switch as I punched a pillow and rolled over on

"All right," I said; "push the jolly

thing out." And with a click dark-ness fell about me. "Good night, sir." came Jenkins"

voice softly. "Night," I murmured faintly, and I

was off.

Sometime, hours later, I awoke, and with a devillah yearning for a smoke It often takes me that way in the

I climbed out in the blackness and found my way into the other room. remembered exactly where I had dropped my cigarette case when we were

fooling with the pajamas by the table,

and I found it without difficulty.
In the act of stooping for it, my hand clutched the edge of the table and I felt a spot yield under the pressure of my thumb. It was the button controlling the bell to Jenkins' room.

"Lucky thing he sleeps like a jolly porpolse," I reflected.

I pushed a wicker arm-chair into the moonlight and breeze by a window, and pulling a flame to a cigarette, leaned back, feeling jolly comfy. For breeze was ripping and delictous, and the deilcate slik of the pajamas flowed in little wavelets all the way from my heels to my neck

I was just about dropping off, when I heard some one hurrying along the private hall leading from the back. Jenkins himself popped into the room. "Did you ring, sir?" he inquired,

and advanced quickly,

And then, before I could think about it to reply, he halted suddenly, almost pitching forward. Then, with a kind of wheezy howl, he sprang to the wall. Next instant, I was blinking under the dazzling electrolier.

"Here, I say! Shut off that light!" remonstrated, half blinded.

I heard a swift rush across the rugs, and the next thing I knew I was roughly jerked from out my chair; strong fingers clutched my throat, and I found myself glaring into a fright-

ened but resolute face.
"Jen-Jenkins!" I tried to gasp, but

only a gurgle came. I was so taken unawares, I knew it must be some dashed dream. haps another minute, and I would wake up. But he gripped me tighter

and shock me like a rag.
"Say, who are you?" he
"How did you get in here?"

And then, of course, I knew that he as crazy. Whether he was crazy was crazy. in a dream or crazy with me awake, I couldn't guess. It made very little difference, anyhow, for I know that in another minute I should be either dream dead or real dead; and dash me if I could see any odds worth tossing for in either, you know.

But I don't belong to the athletic club quite for nothing, and have managed to pick up a few tricks, you know. So with the decision to chuck the dream theory, I shot my leg forward with a mix-up and twist that made Jenkins loosen his clutch and stagger backward.

"What's the matter whom, "Are gasped, advancing toward him, "Are me?" But 1 was so hoarse, the only word that

came out plainly was "murder."

Jenkins uttered a howl. "Help, Mr.

Lightnut! Murder!" "You old fool!" I cried, exasperated.

He was coming. He seized a light chair and awang it behind his head. Then he rushed me with a shout.

"Come here!"

"Oh, Mr. Lightnut!" "Gone clear off his nut!" was my thought. As he swung the chair, I ducked low, and man and chair went crashing to the floor. But he was up again in a jiffy and dancing at me.

"Help you-you jolly idlot?" I mut-

"Mr. Lightnut, sir, why don't you

tered indignantly. Then my voice raised: "I've a mind to kill you!" With a yell, he made a kangaroo jump and swung at me again,

"He says he's going to kill me, Mr. Lightnut!" he panted as I dodged he panted as I dodged

again. "Help me—wake up, sir!"
Wake up? Wake up, indeed, when
I had never been so devillah wide
awake in all my life! I was sure
now about that. I moved toward him cautiously.

"Stop your row!" I cried angrily; "you'll have somebody in. Think I want the police up here?"

With a glare at me, Jenkins darted past me to the bedroom I had just left. Its light switch clicked, and then back through the brightened doorway he sprang and dashed for a wall cabinet at the side. He began tugging at its little drawer. And suddenly I remembered the revolver there, an old forty-five from a friend in Denver-and loaded!

My spring to intercept him quick, but not quick enough! Halfway to him I pulled up under the compelling argument of the long blue

barrel pointed at my head,
"Here! Look out, you fool-it's loaded!" I warned, backing away to

the window.

Jenkins advanced. "What have you done with him?" he panted hoarsely. 'Where is he?"

"Where's who?" I asked savagely, for I was getting devilish tired of it all. But for the publicity, I should have yelled from the window.

"Where's Mr. Lightnut?" he demanded.

"Oh, he's all right." I decided to adopt that soothing tone that I had read somewhere was the proper caper with funatics,

"Where?" Jenkins insisted, pushing

And dashed if I knew what to answer; for, if I made a mistake, it might be serious, by Jove! Perhaps some jocular reply would be safestmight divert his attention, you know.

The open window gave me an idea. antly, "I just chucked him down into

that gun! The shower of splintered glass from the picture between the windows barely missed me. never waited a second-for this inst devilish straw was too much, don't you know, and something had to be done. I leaped for the weapon as it struck the bardwood floor between us, jerked from Jenkins' hand by the unfamiliar upward kick. Another stant and I was poking the muzzie

into his side. Tve just had enough of this, fool!" I cried impatiently, "Here, take a good look at me!" I pushed my face closer. "Look at me, I tell you!"
By Jove, he shuddered! His eyes,

wide distended with terror, rolled to

the celling.
"I can't," he whispered; "I just can't—anything but that! Only, please —please don't kill me, too."

"Kill you?" I said, frowning sternly as he gave a furtive glance. "I certainly will, if you don't take a good look at me!"

He gave a sort of despairing sign and closed his eyes so tightly the lashes disappeared. "All right, then,"

he said sullenly; "you may kill me!" The way with these lunatics; thought. Next thing, he would be begging and insisting that I kill him. motioned to the door of my guest-

room and gave him a push.
"In there," I said, "and keep perfectly quiet."

And as he shot inside, I closed the loor and locked it. I just had to take the chance of his hurting himself against the walls and furniture; I didn't believe he was so crazy he would undertake the six-story leap to the ground. Listening, I heard something like a sob. Then I caught my

"Poor Mr. Lightnut," came choking "the kindest, gentlest master!" And then more sobs and gulps.

By Jove, under his insane delusion, the poor beggar was grieving for me; not thinking of himself at ali, you know. I felt my eyes grow a bit moist, somehow, and all at once my heart went heavy. Thought how long poor old Jenkins had been with meever since I was out of college, you know-five years-and remembered how devillab faithful and attached he had always been. Poor old Jenka! it was swful his going off this wayt recalled how he had taken to seeing things, earlier in the evening, and had made me see them, too, dash it! One thing I determined: whatever had to be done with him, he should have the finest of attention.

I knew that I ought to telephone to somebody or something, but dashed if I had any idea who or where. Oddly enough, not a soul seemed to have been roused by the pistol shot, but I saw by the little clock that it was close to three—the hour in a bachelor apartment house when everybody is asleep, if they're going to sleep at all.

I decided that the best thing to do first was to get into some clothes. And with this thought I was turning away, when it occurred to me to make an effort to see if poor Jenkins seemed more rational now or had gone to sleep.

I tapped upon the door. "Are you asleep?" I asked softly.

A howl of positive terror came back.

"I'm a-keeping quiet," he cried, "but don't let me hear your voice again, or I'll jump right out of the window." I shook my head sadly and tiptoed

into my room, where I slipped hurriedly out of the pajazzoz and into



He Sprang to the Wall.

some clothes; then back I went to the telephone. it was on my little writing-deak close to the door confining Jenkins.

I lifted the receiver with a sigh "Hello, central," I began, respond-g to the operator. "I say, will you ing to the operator.

give me 'information?' A loud shout suddenly sounded from behind the closed door, and there came a frantic double-pounding of

Lightsut-Mr. Lightnut!" screamed Jenkins "Oh, Mr. Light-nut, you're back-you're alive-i can Lightnut; yes, sir, Jenkins. They've got me locked in!"

It sounded like a cannon cracker, Jenkins almost tumbled into my arms. By Jove, for a second I hung in the wind, he acted so crary still; at least, it seemed so just at first. The fellow threw his arm about my and laughed-laughed and cried, dash it-and just wringing my hands and carrying on- Oh, awful! And even when I got him into a chair, he just ant there laughing and crying like a joily old silly, patting my hand, you know, and wiping his eyes, what time they were not devouring me.

"Has he gone, sir?" he gasped huskily. "Did he jump from the win-dow?" But I waved all questions

"After you've had some sleep," I in-

elsted. "Then I'll tell you the whole joily story." And I just got him to his room myself, despite his distress and protests over my attention.

"Thank you, sir, and good night," he said as I left him. And he mur-mured placidly, "I guess we're all

right now."

But I was not so sure as to him, when I viewed the broken chair and scattered fragments of glass-ominous reminders of the scene through which I had passed. And so, though I threw the pistol on top of a bookcase, I spent the rest of the night upon the soft cushions of my big divan.

CHAPTER IV.

Jenkins Declares for the Water

Wagon.
"But this savage-looking Chinaman that you saw, Jenkins-how was he dressed?" I adopted a careless tone of inquiry.

It was high noon, and I was toying with an after luncheon, or rather after

breakfast, cigar, Jenkins' head shook dubiousty. just remember something blackish, My, sir, I didn't have time to notice nothing like clothes!"

His tone conveyed aggrieved protest. He went on:

"Just as I'm telling you, sir, I saw some one sitting there by the window and walked toward him, thinking it was you. Then, all of a sudden, I see his awful face a-scowling at me there in the moonlight."

"And he was smoking, you say?" Jenkins sniffed indignantly and easy as a lord, sir! He held a long stick to his ugly mouth, and smoke was curling out of a little bowl near the end."

"Oh, oplum pipe, eh?"
"Likely, sir," agreed Jenkins; "but never saw one."

CTO BE CONTINUED.)

DOUBLE REPORTS IN FIRING Curlous Effect Produced by Use Maxim Silencer During Target Practice.

Taking as his text the double report noted during the firing on the battleship North Carolina during the recent aerial target practice, Hiram Percy Maxim writes: "Our experiments with the Maxim silencer have developed many other interesting cases. For example: If a rifle equipped with a silencer is fired down a railroad track having telegraph along the side there is a distinct 'crack' heard for each telegraph pole. If the rifle is fired from an open field with a tree or a clump of bushes at, say, 200 yards, there is heard a 'crack' from this clump of trees. If there are several detached clumps of trees or bushes over the open field, there be heard a 'crack' for each of them. If, instead of firing parallel with the ground, the gun is elevated and fired straight up in the air, we hear no

noise at all, except the fall of the ham-mer and the 'puff' of the gases escaping from the silencer

The reason for this is probably as follows: In the ordinary gun the report noise is so loud that it engulfs all other sounds, and we are conscious of nothing but report noise itself. It is not until this report noise is annulled that we can hear the 'bullet flight' noise. This latter noise, being made out in the air beyond the gun, can come back to the shooter only by reflection.

"If there is one object, we get one reflection and one noise. If there are many separate objects, we get many separate reflections and noises. If there are no reflecting objects, such as when shooting straight up into the air, then we get no re flected noise."

Smoking to Be Stopped.

Statistics gathered through livestigation by the authorities of New York city show that 3,245 fires in 1910 and 3,332 in 1911 were caused by the carelessuess of smokers, mostly in places Fire Commissioner Johnof industry son, who has been studying the laws relating to the prevention of fires, as well as to their extinguishment, discovered a statute which forbids acts which endanger the health or safety of any considerable number of persons, and he is going to attempt to make it applicable to smoking in tories. He has therefore ordered 40, 000 notices—printed in English. Yid hear your voice! This is Jenkins, Mr. dish and Italian-forbidding smoking in factory buildings. These will be of me locked in!"

I clapped the receiver on the book by vigilant and constant inspection to and sprang to the door, unlocking it prevent the violation of his order.

No Shine Stays

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